THE IRREDENTISTS OF EDUCATION . . By James Marshall

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Saturday Review
OF LITERATURE

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"TAPS FOR PRIVATE TUSSIE"
by Jesse Stuart
Reviewed by Philip Van Doren Stern

"ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE"
by Arthur Koestler
Reviewed by Robert Pick

"CORONAL"
by Paul Claudel
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"LESSONS OF MY LIFE"
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"MY DAYS OF ANGER"
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Reviewed by Struthers Burt

"BETRAYAL FROM THE EAST"
by Alan Hynd
Reviewed by Will Irwin

When Jesse Stuart writes about the Tussies, he doesn't try to make them sound like case histories. (See page 6)

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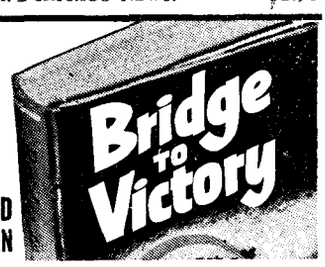

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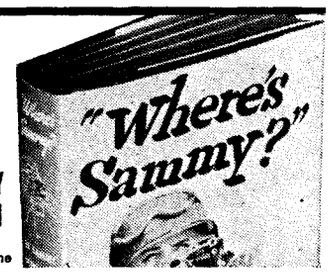

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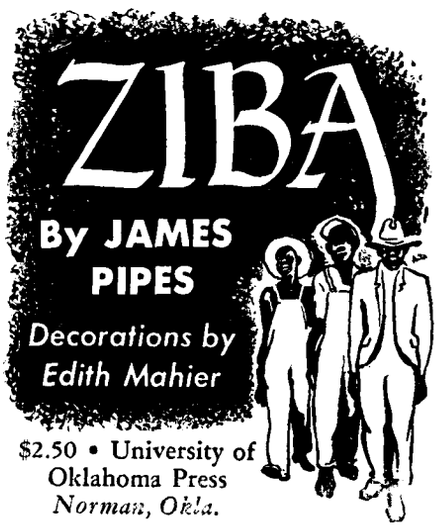

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The Irredentists of Education

The Place of Rationalism and Scholasticism in Modern Education

JAMES MARSHALL

IS the conscious business of education the intellect or is that only half the story? Hitler probably knew nothing of the work of Pavlov and conditioned reflexes when he advocated the constant reiteration of a great lie as a technique of education but, in any event, the result was non-intellectual education. Stalin is a master of conditioning reflexes in the interest of the state—not always through the intellect. Kurt Lewin by his experiments with clubs conducted on autocratic, democratic, and *laissez faire* lines has illustrated how much of education is a matter not of intellect but of teacher-attitude and of the inter-relation of teacher and students. If the conscious business of education is to be the intellect, period, a large, possibly the largest, field of education will be ignored.

Whether the intellectualistic approach leads to the world of classicism or *vice versa,* one cannot be certain. A close relationship between the two exists, however. Thus Hutchins, Adler, Barr, Van Doren, and Maritain fashion their educational pattern on the seven liberal arts of the medieval university —the trivium consisting of grammar, rhetoric, and logic, and the quadrivium of arithmetic, music, geometry, and astronomy. (In all fairness it should be said that to the medieval as to the neo-scholastic these terms have broader implications than they have as used in our current curricula.) There are undoubtedly skills and disciplines to be derived from a study of the seven liberal arts, and to some students they may present the best avenue to education. But questions arise as to whether this is the best or even better avenue for most students, whether education founded on this conception is not too restrictive, whether similar valid skills and disciplines cannot be acquired through other studies, or a different combination of studies or another method of studying.

No one who was not filled with an intimate knowledge and a deep love of the great books of the ages, no one who did not have good will towards his fellow men, could have written such a book as "Liberal Education."* No one with knowledge of even a small part of the experimental work that has been carried on in recent years in the field of the learning process or who understood the implications for education of modern psychology would have written such a book—or called it "Liberal Education." There are a few references to James and Dewey, but chiefly to poetic flurries in their writings or moments of dogmatism, not to their contributions to the philosophy of education or to its practice. No mention whatever is made of the work of Pavlov and his followers, Freud and his disciples, Margaret Meade and the modern anthropologists, or the great mass of excellent classroom experimental work carried on in this country, such as that of Kurt Lewin in Iowa. Instead, Mr. Van Doren rests his case heavily on the authority of Plato, Aristotle, Pascal, Comenius, and Albert Jay Nock.

IF the author had given recognition to recent psychological and educational knowledge, he would not, for example, have said that what the elementary pupil wants is to catch up with as much of the world's knowledge as he can understand. The world's knowledge may be a means to him but what a child wants of education is something far less irrelevant to himself. Nor in the face of the recent work in psychology and pedagogy can it fairly be said: "The common assumption is correct that more difference is made in a person going to college than by anything else." What of the effect of the family circle, of the first months in the social life of the kindergarten, of learning the written and the spoken symbols of communication, of earning his first money, and of winning a spouse?

—SRL Etching by Theodore Brenson

Mark Van Doren

The approach of the author is rationalistic, often arbitrary and confusing, as when speaking of the curriculum he writes: "The search must be for a narrow formula—wisely narrow, of course; or, if the word is not outworn, creatively narrow." And again, in a world of big and little Hitlers and Hirohitos, when Mr. Van Doren tells us, "There is no human being who prefers to be known, at least by himself, as other than human. So all men are moral, for that is what to be moral means." Aside from this curious concept of morality, the business of ignoring what the observations of psychology, psychiatry, and anthropology have revealed inevitably results in the weaving of beautiful gossamer ideas about what man and the possibilities of his education might be, regardless of what man and the possibilities of his education are.

This rationalistic approach to education, this method of evaluating the ends and means of education by *a priori* reason of one's own with a dram now and then of similar reasoning by classical authority by way of fortifying the result, is a replica of medieval scholasticism. While Mr. Van Doren, and many of those who believe as he does, would neither accept dogmatic faith nor ignore scientific findings, their position is not unsimilar to that of the scholastics as to whom James Westfall Thompson wrote in his "Medieval Europe," "What St. Bernard rejected because it was not faith the modern world rejects because it is not science." For the same reason, most modern educators would reject the rationalism, the trend toward scholasticism, of that little band of medieval irredentists—Hutchins, Adler, Barr, and their followers—into whose ranks Mark Van Doren has enlisted himself.

THE rationalistic approach results in a narcisstic view of education. Thus the author tells us, "The conscious business of education is with the intellect." What of the unconscious uses of education? Ought we not to bring them also to the surface for consideration? Ought we not consider, for instance, the whole matter of the uncon-

LIBERAL EDUCATION. By Mark Van Doren. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1948. 186 pp. $2.50.

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scious as well as the conscious use of education as a power weapon?

To agree with Mr. Van Doren that the elective system has given us too little thorough education does not require us to accept the seven liberal arts as the core of a sound education—certainly not if the business of education is not limited to the intellect, certainly not, too, if one disagrees with Mr. Van Doren that "education will be saved only when it is agreed that men must know the same things."

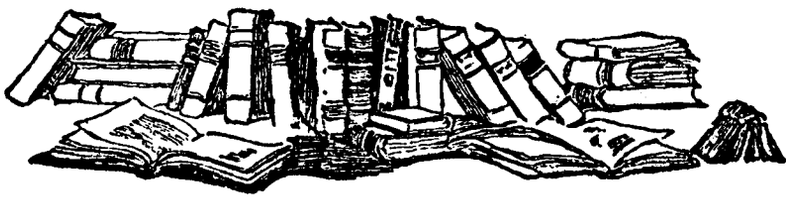
There is danger, too, in the assumption that until the classics are planted and accepted at the center of the college curriculum "everywhere in America, we shall lack the right to say that liberal education exists among us." This is too final, too arbitrary, too authoritarian for us to accept today. It is scarcely consistent with our expressed democratic ideals, which are based on an acceptance of variety, of differences, of the right of men not only to have ideas of their own but to acquire or nurture them in their own ways.

The relation of a classically centred education to a democracy is important. In the hands of great teachers—as Van Doren, Hutchins, Adler and some others who share their ideas undoubtedly are—the great dead teachers of the classics can become alive. But one of the principal struggles of education today is to free the schools of the teacher centred class room, of the authoritarian teacher, in the interest of a more democratic class room for the development of self-reliant, coöperative students. The tendency of a classically centred curriculum in the hands of most teachers would be to substitute dead authority for living, or to reinforce autocratic education.

We have undoubtedly lost much that was valuable in the medieval world. Man's political and economic relationships to other men were fixed. His relationship to his universe was defined. This eliminated many of the uncertainties which cause anxieties in men today. In such a setting a uniform curriculum based on authority and logic was ideal. But is it today? We cannot turn the clock back to a civilization based on status or a faith—like St. Bernard's—which ignores scientific discovery. We probably would not turn it back if we could. Consequently, our education today must recognize the manifold relationships of men to one another and the immense diversity of opportunity which our world has to offer. There are many more pegs and many more holes and many more shapes to each. And more important, free will is not restricted to the realm of sin. All this requires a broader concept of education, one which will afford man greater variety in preparation for the use of his freedom and to meet the new sources of his anxieties.

I do not want to give the impression that there is nothing solid in this book. There is a great deal that is sound in it wherever the conclusions are based on the author's experience as a teacher in an American university and not on *a priori* reasoning or the wisdom of sages unverified by experience. The suggestions that American education is aimless, often pointless, that college education too often gives students neither discipline nor a discipline, and that it is more important for students to acquire vocation rather than the skills of a vocation may not be novel; but they are worthy of constant and powerful reiteration. Our students rarely get a passion for learning or for work. They rarely get vocation, that passion for a way of life, for ends that they understand and accept, which will give them a sense of balance and security in good times and in adversity. Our schools and colleges and the American public are indeed losing perspective in their rush to the band wagon of vocational education. This endangers the realization of the great virtues of such education by opening it to the attacks of the medievalists, of those who are absorbed in classic learning and would transform the work of the classroom into a rejuvenated Platonic dialogue —of those for whom all other forms of education are of lower calibre. The greatest danger of this reaction is that it may lead to an estimate of those who profit by vocational education as persons or citizens of a lower calibre —as the master, Plato, considered them.

Suppose we divorce the term "liberal education" from the medieval implications with which it is explicitly used by the Hutchins-Van Doren-St. Johns College group and unconsciously used by many universities and colleges, which have attempted to harness the old liberal arts to science and vocational knowledge, and never know whether they or their students are going gee or haw. Suppose we use the term "liberal" as we usually do in this twentieth century. What should a liberal education be?



—Drawing by E. Lander, from "Ordeal in England."

Like Mr. Van Doren, I believe we should start with purposes, with aims. Education should be directed to develop an harmonious being, a person harmonious in himself, in his relation to others and in his relation to the universe. To accomplish this, man should be trained to keep in mind ethical ends, primarily respect for his own integrity and that of others—for himself and others as persons, not just for rights and privileges or demands. This is a standard against which to measure the success of the education of any individual or group as human beings. Instead of testing educational development only in terms of so much subject matter absorbed or creative work accomplished, we should also test students in terms of social adjustment, in terms of the mutual respect they exhibit for each other's differences and needs.

IN order to develop harmonious beings, respectful of their own integrity and that of others, young people must learn the normality of difference, that there is no threat in difference of race, religion, color, or cultural origin. They must learn that rather than merely suppressing their anxieties and aggressive drives, there are ways of diverting their surplus energy into healthy and productive channels. They must learn to recognize that love and hate are not far apart and that excessive hostility or excessive docility impair maturity and make it impossible to become an harmonious being.

To attain such results, a well-balanced education requires attention to three fields—that of symbols, that of skills, and that of emotional development. The principal symbols, of course, are words and numbers. Their use involves the learning of skills; understanding them requires an acquaintance with literature, with the way

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other people use words and numbers. But it is important to bear in mind that these symbols should not be worshipped as men worshipped the idols of the gods Baal and Dagon.

It is, therefore, necessary at all times to keep the meaning of words and numbers clear through knowledge of the facts behind them, and this can only be done by experience continually refreshed. The liberal arts are a part of experience. They are an effective way of bringing meaning to the past. They illuminate the great area of social conscience which affects so much of our lives. But just because they deal so largely with symbols, we must not forget that the liberal arts themselves are experiences, no more or less so than plowing a furrow, dissecting a rabbit or reading patents on radio devices.

We must also keep in mind that the skills to be learned are not only skills with words and numbers but skills of the body, skills with tools and materials. Such skills not only afford expression of personality but also contribute to our understanding of symbols.

Finally, education must become more and more conscious of the vital importance of patterns of behavior formed in early childhood, adolescence, and the early years of adult work. The attitude of teachers and administrators, of schools and colleges, plays an important part in the formation of these patterns. The growing volume of educational experimentation points to the great power that schools and colleges can have in developing human beings who are neither irresponsible, aggressive, nor unduly competitive. Education of man involves, therefore, far more than the curriculum and the subject matter taught. And because human beings vary so much in their rate of development, in their interests, and in their emotional needs, there can be no uniform approach to them by education, no single subject matter of appeal, regardless of how beautiful or wise or rich in sentiment that subject matter may be.

Stuart's Incorrigible Tussies

TAPS FOR PRIVATE TUSSIE. By Jesse Stuart. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1943. 253 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

THE Southern poor white has so often been portrayed in novels as a hopelessly degenerate creature, invariably lazy, lecherous, and quarrelsome, that he has become a stereotype in American fiction. But stereotypes are found only in second-rate novels—they do not exist in literature or in life, for human beings are not simple but complex. The outsider traveling through the Southern mountain country sees only the worst side of the poor whites—their ignorance, their appalling poverty, their sullenness, and their self-protective clannishness. But those who know them well can attest to their humor and gaiety and, above all, to their unlimited generosity.

It is this unthinking generosity to members of the same clan that forms the central theme of Jesse Stuart's novel. The Tussies, who were part of one of those vast, closely inter-related hill families with branches scattered across a dozen counties, were shiftless and ignorant, but they were not vicious. In fact it was their inability to refuse long-term hospitality even to the most distant member of the Tussie clan that got them into trouble. When Private Kim Tussie died, the Government paid his widow $10,000 insurance, and Grandpa Tussie, acting as the head of the family, naturally took charge of the unexpected fortune. The Tussies, who had once had to take refuge in a cave, moved out of the schoolhouse they had temporarily appropriated and rented an empty sixteen-room mansion. Store furniture was ordered with a lavish hand, and food and drink were purchased in large quantities.

News of this windfall spread quickly, and the clan gathered. Tussie after Tussie came to the big house to demand hospitality as the right of kinship—and kinsmen, of course, could not be turned away. Soon there were forty-five Tussies eating, drinking, and holding nightly dances in the house, until the landlord, quite understandably, began to worry about his property. When he saw what was happening to it, he promptly started eviction proceedings.

—*From the book*

But Grandpa was not to be discouraged. As soon as he was turned out of the big house, he took his immediate family to a fifty-acre backwoods farm he had purchased with the last three hundreds dollars of their madly squandered fortune, and there life for the Tussies went on with much drama, some love-making, and very little to eat.

Jesse Stuart knows his Southern mountaineers. He has grown up among them; he can reproduce their talk perfectly; and, despite their faults and obvious shortcomings, he makes them out to be engaging and warmly human people. By having a young boy tell the story he succeeds in winning the reader's sympathy, for the incorrigible Tussies are seen only through the eyes of someone who believes that they can do no wrong. And the young narrator is so appealing in his ingenuous naiveté that one soon comes to side with him and his long-harassed family in their struggles.

"Taps for Private Tussie" is a very American sort of book, as deeply rooted in our soil as "Huckleberry Finn" or "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," yet, like those books, it has a universal appeal that transcends nationality. It is warm-hearted, vigorous, and honest; its characters are lusty and genuine; and its dialogue is a delight to read. The author never condescends toward his characters: he presents the ever-squabbling Tussies as they are, but his unselfconscious sympathy for his underprivileged mountaineers makes them seem like men rather than case histories.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 23

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 23 *will be found in the next issue.*

ABCA DEFABG, CHIHCKP, AHL

—FMOOMP NKMCARKM, SCX.—

HEFFECS NLXOKMTM.

—LFP WCNBMFLK.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 22

CRYPT EYED BY WORKER. E SOUGHT. THIS PUZZLE MADE FOR SMARTY WHO THOUGHT LITERARY CRYPTS EASY.

—FRASER YOUNG.

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A Time for the Impossible

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE. By Arthur Koestler. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1943. 180 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

PETER SLAVIK, a young man of Southeastern European birth and vague revolutionary sympathies, jumps ship in the harbor of "Neutralia," and rushes up to the British consul to offer his services in the war. (For the time is the late summer of '41 or thereabouts.) Put off by red tape for weeks, he is on the point of starving when Dr. Bogan, a woman friend of his late mother, takes him in; a psychoanalyst by profession, she now is waiting—like thousands of others—for her American visa to come through. As a houseguest of this remarkable woman—remarkable in any respect except conventional sex morals—Peter Slavik becomes infatuated with Odette, a French refugee whose relations to Dr. Bogan are beyond mere friendship. Nevertheless, a hectic affair develops between the young people—"after all, why not?"—only to come to an abrupt end through Odette's departure for America. The deserted lover suffers a complete breakdown—"he was ripe for it; Odette was only the last straw."

For weeks Dr. Bogan fights the hysterical paralysis which, on top of a sort of cerebral fever, has struck down the young revolutionary who "didn't crack down when they tortured him." Dr. Bogan believes in "the latent morbidity behind the values we admire"—and she cures Peter Slavik, following the routine of her ilk, by dissecting his memories. But she does more: under her influence, the convalescent has to decide which way to go. Indeed, Peter Slavik arrives at fancying that he is through with "quixotic crusades." He is about to sail for America, into Odette's arms, when the spirit moves him once more, and once more he jumps ship to enlist with the British.

This, briefly, is the plot of Mr. Koestler's new book—or rather, the frame of a psychological picture of enormous power. Peter Slavik stands for that race of modern revolutionaries who, more bewildered than wild, despairing of the labelled ideologies offered to them, are thrust back upon their own search for values, and in the end, against their will, are led to the age-old, almost mythical notion of man as the fighter and martyr per se.

Surely an author of Mr. Koestler's stature has realized himself that his protagonist, in spite of Dr. Bogan's analysis, remains a more or less confused fanatic. His reasonings and his qualms convey no unambiguous message. The martyrs of old were secure in their humility before God, the idea of perfection; Peter Slavik, as he puts it in what only to him seems his final decision, is "secure in accepting—in spite of the imperfections which are manifest to him."

Apparently, however, this is Mr. Koestler's own message—the lack of a perfect cause, of a new ideology, in short, the lack of a program which would not only be able, as it is, to defeat the foe for survival's sake, but also to conquer the hearts of those who voluntarily joined the battle. This is how Peter Slavik has come to see the global struggle: "one side was utopia betrayed; the second, tradition decayed; the third, destruction arrayed." The latter he has seen at work; he has watched the scientifically organized wholesale slaughter of old Jews, he has experienced on his own body the functioning of the "vivisection league"—and let sensitive readers be warned: nothing put into print thus far matches the merciless realism of Peter Slavik's horrible memories spread out in front of his woman psychiatrist.

Although Peter Slavik is, at least at times, presented as a pathological case, the reader yet cannot help feeling that it would be false to dismiss his predicament as an isolated phenomenon. As seen through a magnifying glass, through Peter Slavik's tribulations the sores of a fermenting generation of young Europeans.

The old Greeks in their tragedies confronted their heroes with a chorus that warned of the limits of man's demands; these heroes, too, used to battle the world *and* the imperfect gods of their Olympus. Perhaps one of the reasons for the controversial, if not downright bewildering, effect upon the reader of Mr. Koestler's splendidly written novel is the absence of adequate antagonists; neither Dr. Bogan

Arthur Koestler

in her cynical valuelessness, nor the *advocatus diaboli* as represented by a conventional Nazi agent, is done with the same craftsmanship and passionate intensity which both make young Slavik himself unforgettable. His own comrades—for they, too, are, in a sense, antagonists—are but hazily sketched. The only remarkable portrait in the lot is that of Raditsch, the almighty chief of police back in Peter Slavik's native land, who, turnning over the lad to his henchmen, has told him: "Thou wantest to play the hero, but thou art just a little ass."

Perhaps young Peter is. But although they never play the role they believe they do, these "little asses" play their part in history. Goethe once counselled to "crucify any fanatic in his thirtieth year." He did not include in his indictment the fanatics of Peter Slavik's age. He knew that to attain the utmost good, man had, at times, to strive for the impossible perfect. It seems to be Mr. Koestler's contention that ours is such a time, and that the boys, the "little asses" have to do the job.

nth Power

By Bridget Dryden

THE algebraic signs—by whom invented?
nth power, for instance, an unknown degree
of anything. Some Arab, probably,
staring up at Aldebaran before he tented
himself and tied his camel. It tweaked his pen
and on his vellum settled down,—that sign
filling the Arab's mind with a divine
belief that there's no boundary, no confine.
For any theme, profoundly dwelt upon,
becomes, as Pindar said, *to ariston,*
blue blueness or the clearness of clear air,
aerial magnitude leading anywhere.

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The Sequences of Claudel

CORONAL. By Paul Claudel. Translated by Sister Mary David. New York: Pantheon Books, Inc. 1943. 257 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by PAUL ROSENFELD

THE volume of Claudel's lyric verse which is the original of "Coronal" was published in 1915 under a Latin title, "Corona Benignitatis Anni Dei," derived from the line in the 65th Psalm running "Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness." Of all its contents, only the rapturously chanting "Song for the Feast of St. Louis" quite ranks in point of exceptional significance and sensuous and emotional impact with the best of Claudel's lyric poems—the "Verses of Exile," say, or the "Five Grand Odes." The book, nevertheless, is an interesting, racy, satisfactory one, for several reasons. One of these is the charm of its simultaneously medieval and original means.

The poetic form almost exclusively is that of the sequences, the "prosulae" of medieval Latin literature: the barbaric jingles invented for musical use by Notker, a monk of St. Gall in the tenth century, and perfected in the twelfth by the great poet Adam le Breton, of the monastery of St. Victor near Paris. As in the monkish sequences, the formal unit in "Corona" is a rough line often irregular in length which rhymes with another line, sometimes with two or three others, and has been given a chant-like melodiousness. That Claudel deliberately revived the rugged, flexible old mold practically is confessed by him in the poem "Momento for Saturday night." There he plainly associates references to "sequences by Notker," "'prosulae' by Adam of St. Victor," and "Latin of Paul Claudel in the most recent days." The poetic language of which his sequences are built, however, is his own. As ever, it is in the oral tradition of French poetry, in which he stands shoulder to shoulder with Péguy. It is both shapely and definitely a countryman's; drastic and full of salt and humor.

Another cause of the book's interest is the mass of religious experience expressed here with these means. Mainly it is a knowledge of the attitudes of the saint and the martyr and the way of the Spirit in man. The manner of expression recalls that old favorite, Keble's "The Christian Year." Like those in Keble, the major symbols are almost entirely the figures of the apostles and saints and the identities of the Church feasts and holidays. Claudel's meanings likewise are authoritative ones which have become personal, have come to rest on intuition and experience and been transfused by the author's proper spirituality. But "Corona" is an altogether more stirring and delectable achievement than the awkward, slightly effeminate "Christian Year": in the very face of the circumstance that unlike the Anglican priest's our poet's tone at times is more dogmatic than purely religious, and in instances is dry. The source of the superiority is first of all Claudel's extraordinary imaginative power. We mean not only his gift for large and simple metaphors but his entire, solid capacity for perceiving analogies between the natural world, the common human experience, and the divine mysteries he seeks to adumbrate. The source, secondly, is his gayety and warm human compassionateness. The last is beautifully evident in the moving fourteen-part poem, "The Way of the Cross."

"Coronal" thus is welcome, and doubly welcome since it not only is a French-English edition of "Corona," but a revised edition. The editors have rejected an entire section of the original, and in so doing rendered the volume somewhat more of a unity. Several of the items in the excluded section are in the stricter verse-forms, hence in glaring contrast to those in the others. The formal unity thus obtained reconciles us to the loss of such brilliants as the searing little dirge for Charles-Louis Philippe and the comic verses celebrating the Alsatian saint, Odile. The translation, the work of one of the School Sisters of Notre Dame College in Maryland, itself has points. True, very frequently it suggests our general need of a philosophy of translation, a practical and moral wisdom enabling a translator sagaciously to meet his unavoidable problems. The meat of this philosophy, one feels, well might be the doctrine that a translation of literature ought to have a thoroughly literary quality; also the doctrine that it should preserve the original's cadence and never misrepresent straight language-rhythms by the introduction of literesque inversions; that it should scrupulously preserve the imagery too, and never paraphrase—in the sense of amplifying meanings—since the paraphrase is an impertinence towards both the poet and his audience. Still one hasn't the heart to scold. Sister Mary David's version often is delightfully simple. Throughout, it reveals a strenuous effort to transpose the robust, round tone of the original into English. Again and again it proves that she has felt the poet's fire and been thrilled and kindled by it.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

FICTION'S FAMOUS SINGERS

This week's quiz is concerned with ten characters who were noted for their singing. From the descriptions given below, how many of them do you recognize? Allowing 5 points for each one you can name, and another 5 for the author who created him, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 20.

1. The song which this young working girl sang on her day off affected the lives of the several persons who overheard it.
2. To cheer up his listener, he sang a song variously titled "Haddocks' Eyes," "The Aged Aged Man," "Ways and Means," and "A-sitting on a Gate."
3. This wandering minstrel had a repertoire of ballads, songs, and snatches to fit every mood.
4. She was tone-deaf and didn't know it, but under the hypnotic influence of her teacher she became a famous concert artist.
5. In a Nuremberg singing contest, this young nobleman sang a song which he had dreamed up the night before, won the daughter of the town goldsmith as first prize, and was given a membership in the local musicians' union.
6. To the delight of his fellow loafers in The Three Pigeons, this country bumpkin sang a song he had composed about that questionable ale house.
7. Making her debut in the title role of "The Blonde Venus," she demonstrated with her first number that she couldn't sing, couldn't act, and didn't need to do either to get along.
8. Accompanying himself upon the guitar, he improvised a song entitled "The Haunted Palace."
9. By singing psalms at the top of his voice during an Indian massacre, this frontier singing teacher saved himself and two girls he was protecting because the Indians thought, not without some justification, that he was crazy.
10. The daughter of a wandering gypsy, this Venetian street singer rose to such eminence in the world of music that she became the protegee of Frederick of Prussia.

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Lord Vansittart's Experience with Germany

LESSONS OF MY LIFE. By the Rt. Hon. (Robert G.) Lord Vansittart. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1943. 281 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by
WILLIAM HEARD KILPATRICK

THE chief emphasis, it would appear, of Lord Vansittart's life and diplomatic career has been to oppose Germany and German aggression. Outspoken attacks since his retirement in 1941 first on Germany and then on its British defenders and "appeasers" have provoked vehement counter-attacks from his fellow countrymen. The present book is his answer and defense; and he acts on the military maxim that the best defense is attack.

It must be admitted that few if any have had better opportunity than Lord Vansittart at "inside" information—so far, at least, as the British Foreign Office could furnish it. He began his diplomatic career as attaché in 1902 and continued it, mostly in the Foreign Office, until 1941. His most important post was as Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs from 1930 to 1938. From this (it is said) he was dropped as part of Chamberlain's "appeasement" policy.

The book, while strong in parts, is not uniformly good. There is much repetition. Some chapters are not convincing, at least to this reviewer. Some are dull. But taken as a whole the book does make out a case which, properly interpreted, cannot be disregarded.

The thesis of the book stands clear as the following (slightly rearranged) quotation from the Introduction will show:

> The truths of this book have a cumulative duty—to justify the programme from which I have never departed. That program is Security, and the peoples of the world are entitled to exact Security from their Governments. It is for those Governments to exact it from Germany.
>
> In what does such Security reside?
>
> In not only the utter defeat but the complete abolition of German militarism in every one of its manifestations and organizations, material or spiritual.
>
> Unilateral disarmament means a good deal more than relieving the world—and Germany—of the German Army, Navy and Air Force, including civil aviation: it means the total and permanent suppression of all para-military organizations, no matter under what labels—such as Youth and Sport—they may masquerade.
>
> It means the remodeling of the German administration, bureaucracy, and judiciary.
>
> It means the slow introduction of an entirely new spirit in the German schools and churches.
>
> In other words, unilateral disarmament must lead to re-education, in which the Allies must take their share without shirking. None of these essentials is possible without the prolonged and effective occupation of Germany by the united forces of the United Nations.

—*Angelo in the* Philadelphia Inquirer.
"Everything's Lovely, Just Keep Up Your Morale!"

Such a proposed program, stark in its ruthlessness, has inevitably brought reaction. Many Britishers have urged that "Vansittartism"—already the term has an active existence—would by its very severity defeat its own aims, that such a ruthless program would so unite the Germans that not re-education but irreconcilability would result. And irreconcilability, as history shows, can, if sufficiently determined, outlast any effort of external compulsion.

Even the friends of the noble author can hardly claim that he satisfactorily meets this challenge. To be sure, he argues valiantly—and for the most part consistently. In spite of his insistence on the strength of the bad German nature, it is not an innately bad nature—he is no racialist—but an acquired character, acquired through a century of ego-inflating policy and behavior and, since acquired, therefore curable. But he makes out so bad a case for the past and present of Germany as to leave small basis of hope for the future; and the more vehemently he stresses his severe program, the smaller does the future hope appear.

Many of us, for example, had thought that the failure of the Weimar Government was in part unwisdom through lack of experience but mostly the bad influence of outside forces. Not so, however, for Lord Vansittart. The initial rearming of Germany was "with the full connivance of the Republican Government"; and

—*Henderson in the* Providence Journal.
"The Man Under the Bed."

Stresemann was "a peculiarly successful hypocrite." Lord Vansittart will listen to no if's or and's about the German character; "accidentalism"—the hope that different conditions might have brought different results—such a doctrine is anathema to him. The evil is too deep in the German character.

"Germany has got to go into a reformatory." The discipline must be "severe and salutary." The nation "must be treated to the greatest spring-cleaning and the strongest disinfectant in history." "Much of their own tastes and nature they can and must change for themselves. Much, but not all. The rest will have to be done for them and done by compulsion—not by brutality. You cannot educate by brutality. Only Germans have thought so."

But we are nowhere told how to manage the education by compulsion so as to make it succeed. Details of what to aim at, yes, many; but how to manage, no. And that is the rub. We end by understanding better the seriousness of the situation and the complexity of the problem; but not how to solve the problem. Someone else, not Lord Vansittart, must tell us that.

More than 200 American scholars are combing the national literatures of Europe in a wartime editorial enterprise which aims to compass in about 1,000 articles a complete record of recent and contemporary writings in all the countries of the Continent, according to an announcement at Columbia University by Professor Horatio Smith, general editor of the project. Representing some thirty different literatures, and providing a new and ready approach to an understanding of the culture, emotions, and ideas of European peoples, the work is scheduled to be published in the Fall of 1944 as "The Columbia Dictionary of Modern European Literature" by the Columbia University Press.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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SRL AWARD TO "YANK"

THERE is nothing established about *The Saturday Review's* award for distinguished service to American letters. It has not been made annually, nor are there any definite specifications to be met or fulfilled. It is something of a peripatetic prize, more often than not awarded as a sort of fill-in where it is felt that existing awards may have passed up especially deserving candidates. Sometimes there is nothing back of it more than an impetuous desire to pay spontaneous tribute, best expressed by the feeling, "By George, here's something that deserves a prize!"

A combination of all these reasons is behind the new *SRL* award—to the Army weekly *Yank,* for "Distinguished Service to American Publishing." "Publishing" has been substituted for "Letters" in the title of the award since it comes closer to describing *Yank's* principal achievements. This is not to detract from *Yank's* accomplishments in bringing well-written and well-edited material to millions of American soldiers all over the world. Our main reason for changing the wording of the award was to call attention to a publishing feat of such dimensions as to be without either precedent or parallel, so far as we know. Consider some facts and figures:

Yank's potential audience is as large as the Army itself. It is published weekly, with the customers strung out all over the world, from Trinidad to Australia, from Panama to Kiska, from London to Hawaii. The problem of geography alone calls for publishing magic on a scale heretofore hardly contemplated, let alone attempted. Obviously, it would be impossible to print the entire run of *Yank* in New York City and then try to keep up weekly shipments to points all over the globe. The perishability of news is so great these days that it would be out of the question for *Yank,* which prides itself upon being even more of a newspaper than it is a feature magazine, to retain timeliness and a world delivery schedule at the same time.

The problem was solved by setting up production units all over the world, in New York, London, Puerto Rico, Egypt, Iran, India, Trinidad, Hawaii, Australia, and Panama. Each of these units is regularly supplied by air transport the newspaper mats and rotogravure film required to print the paper locally. Thus Pvt. Joe Jones in Sydney and Pvt. John Smith in Cairo can read virtually the same up-to-date newspaper almost simultaneously. We say "virtually" because slight changes are made in the various editions in order to point up events of local interest. Frequently, these changes, amounting to three or four pages out of a total of twenty-four, are made on the spot.

Decentralizing the printing in this fashion has made for some interesting situations. The Middle East edition of *Yank,* for example, is printed hard by the beach where Jonah is said to have concluded his whale-ride, and almost in the shadow of an ancient Crusade fortress. The press itself was made in Germany, was remodeled by a Jewish refugee, is owned by Arabs, was converted by American army engineers for *Yank's* purposes, and is operated by a British Tommy, Corporal Harry Ward, a London printer "loaned" to *Yank* when no American soldier could be found in the area with the necessary printing experience. The press was originally designed for grapefruit wrappers.

This ingenuity, typical of the production of *Yank* all over the world, would in itself be worthy of a prize. But over and above the sheer physical feat of getting the weekly into the hands of its readers on a regular basis is the big editorial job being done by *Yank* in bringing information and reading entertainment to American army men everywhere. The material is vividly and clearly presented, and there is a good balance between news and features. We have a copy of the October 15 issue of *Yank* before us. It is about the size of the average Sunday magazine supplement. The leading article is by *Yank's* staff correspondent in New Georgia—*Yank* has spot news coverage on all the principal battlefronts—describing the twelve-day drive from Munda airfield to the sea. Accompanying the article are action photographs that would do credit to any of the commercial picture magazines. Following this Pacific report is a concise yet comprehensive news roundup, with large highlight maps showing the military strategy and predicament of Germany. There follow a staff correspondent's story on the Greek Navy; a warm, engaging piece, "Palestine Express," by Pvt. Irwin Shaw, of literary fame, telling of the train ride between Cairo and Tel Aviv; a picture story on American paratroopers in New Guinea; the now-famous cartoon strip by Sgt. George Baker, "The Sad Sack"; the editorial page commenting on matters large and small pertaining to the enlisted man (*Yank* is strictly an enlisted man's product from the standpoint of staff, content, or audience); items from the various camps; a scattering of small features; some poems ("The Poets Cornered"); a lively sports page; the inevitable pin-up girl, and a back page of humorous cartoons.

The whole makes for an intelligent and interesting paper, bearing on every page the polished professional touch. It is readable, likeable, and gets across a good picture of the news without forgetting that a big part of its job is to amuse and entertain. Concerning the success of *Yank* there can be no question, as hundreds of letters from the men themselves emphasize each week. If there is such a thing as a morale-builder, this is it.

Thus our award to *Yank.* In making it, the editors would also call *Yank* to the attention of the Pulitzer Prize Committee as a deserving candidate for one of the journalism awards—possibly the prize for public service. Or, if no category now exists in which *Yank* might qualify, let the Committee invent one.

On a New Edition of an Old Book

By David McCord

I AM sending this book to you
For something it still can say;
You may read it and throw it away—
But read it and see if you do!

I know from its fellow book
Where the unfailing wells go down;
Like a country man in town,
You may judge by a single look.

I can open a page and see
In a line once learned by heart
How another might read and start—
Or the way that it was with me.

The pressmen have finished their task,
And again the strange ink is dry.
Will you see what it does to an eye—
Or is that too much to ask?

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Incurable Controversy

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Four weeks ago, the editors ran a note asking whether readers wanted to continue the protracted letters controversy over "Is Germany Incurable?", by Dr. Richard M. Brickner. Response for the affirmative has been in the ratio of* 8 *to* 1. *The controversy is herewith resumed.*

SIR: The discussion on the "Incurable" controversy may be of real value in showing which of your correspondents are taken in by the specious arguments of a Barnes, and which ones are alive to the situation and the real danger that threatens us of preparing by our soft-heartedness for a third world war. If I may make a brief contribution, it seems to me that whether or not we attach to the German people the term "paranoiac" is beside the point; the label is not important: what we must consider is Germany's action.

K. MCKENZIE.

Princeton, N. J.

SIR: Your prolonged argument over Dr. Richard M. Brickner's book "Is Germany Incurable" led me at last to buy this work. I have read it with relish, but it makes me wonder whether the author has really studied and digested the literature that he cites, or has picked sentences here and there to build up a case.

I am impressed with two items: One is the author's use of Nietzsche whom he quotes both as a critic of the Germanism Dr. Brickner does not like (p. 156-157) and as a symptom of that Germanism (p. 209). The quotations on the latter page seem to me either a wilful misreading of Nietzsche or a failure to understand him. The second thing that has struck me is Dr. Brickner's reference to Fichte. On p. 230, Dr. Brickner writes "As early as 1835 Fichte was explaining," etc. I take it that the Fichte he refers to is the great Johann Gottlieb Fichte and not his son Emanuel Herman. Johann Gottlieb died in 1814. He could hardly have been making derogatory remarks about Jews in 1835.

NICHOLAS MURRAY MACDONALD.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: It is a platitude that when wise men express opinions on subjects outside the orbits of their competence they sometimes talk nonsense. The fact has seldom been more adequately exemplified than in the recent extended correspondence in *SRL* on "Is Germany Incurable?"

In spite of the attention it has received, the volume is not important; the problem is inaccurately stated, hence the analysis does not and cannot reach a scientific or scholarly level. The six eminent psychiatrists called in to make a diagnosis, neglecting to note that sociological phenomena are not amenable to psychiatric interpretation, talked a good deal of solemn nonsense. This was quite properly deflated by Harry Elmer Barnes who then introduced some historical confusion of his own. In your issue of October 18 six literary notables, none with any claim to competence in either sociology or psychiatry, attack the historian and defend the psychiatrists. Since they present no data or evidence, one assumes that they believe that sound judgments may be reached by a pooling of uninformed opinions.

The whole has the character of a discussion by engineers of a criticism by a biologist of a series of reviews by astronomers of a book on music written by a chemist.

E. B. REUTER.

Iowa City, Ia.

SIR: We've had enough and more than enough of Harry Elmer Barnes. It would be interesting to know *why* he feels such an urge to come to the defense of Germans and Germany . . . did he have a German grandmother, perhaps, who filled his child mind with the German folk myth? . . . Having heard a radio talk Mr. Barnes made in Pittsburgh in February 1941, there is no doubt in my mind about Mr. Barnes's sympathies.

As for Dr. Brickner's book, I found it very interesting and his thesis credible . . . I lived in Germany for a year in 1923, they were wallowing in self-pity over how they suffered in the war. Once I ventured to remind a group of German acquaintances of their invasion of Serbia, their stealing of food, etc., etc., and the consequent death by starvation and disease of millions of Serbs. I believe one old man would have struck me if there hadn't been a table between us! However, I don't see how acceptance of Dr. Brickner's thesis is going to make it any easier for statesmen to solve the problem. I do hope, though, that it convinces them that this time we can't afford to let bygones be bygones.

E. H. C.

Englewood, Pa.

"The children don't mind them—but the terror comics scare the wits out of Hubert!"

SIR: I cannot refrain from a reply to a specious use of statistics by Mr. Barnes.

He quotes Quincy Wright to prove a fact regarding war participation by Prussia, with a low score of eight. But the period to which Wright refers is 1480-1940. Therein lies the fallacy of Barnes's use of the statistics. Prussia's participation in war dates from the War of the Austrian Succession (1740-48) and includes the following: Seven Year War (1756-63), Napoleonic War (1806), Danish War (1864), Seven Weeks War (1866), Franco-Prussian War (1870-), World War (1914-1918), and the present one. Only in the case of Napoleon's aggression, "I have but to whistle and Prussia ceases to exist," can Prussia be exonerated of any charge of aggression.

The weakness in Barnes's reference to Wright's figures rests upon the fact that the wave of Prussian power has been comparatively recent and to refer to a period extending from 1480-1940 is to use a very invalid yardstick. The true historian makes a most minimum use of statistics; the sociologist always thumbs his files for them.

Prussia's appetite for power was first whetted by Frederick the Great's successes.

WILLARD BENNINGER.

Paterson, N. J.

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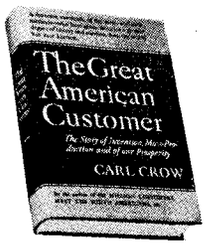

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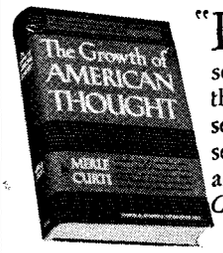

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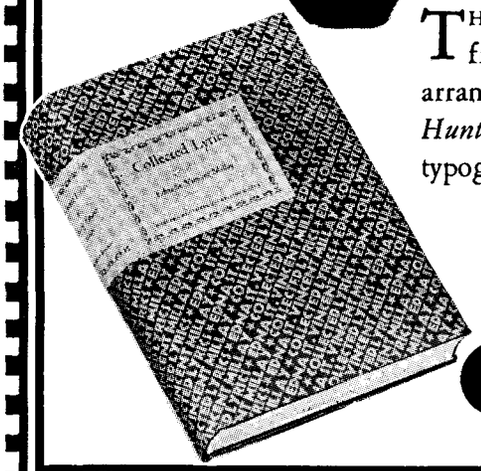

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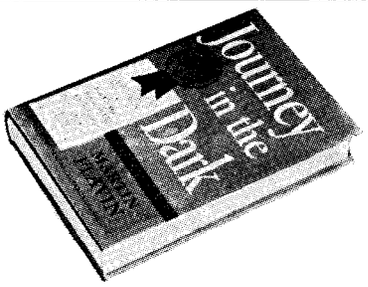

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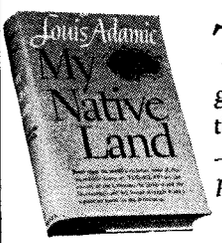

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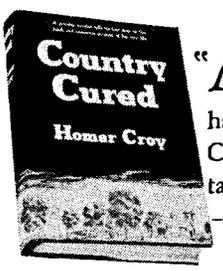

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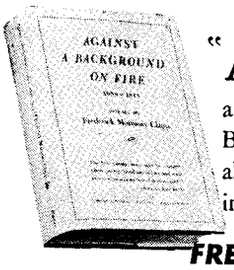

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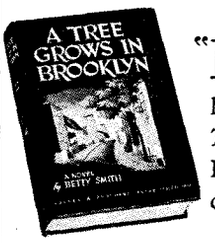

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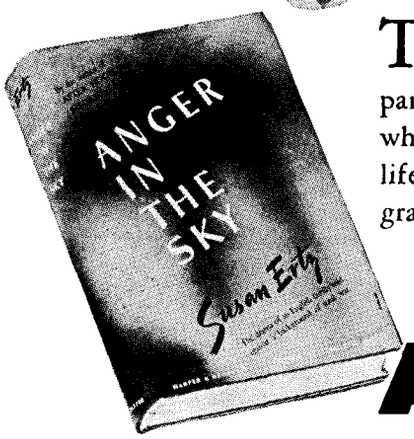

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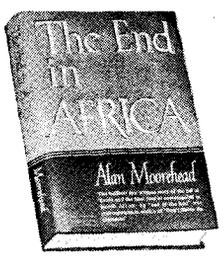

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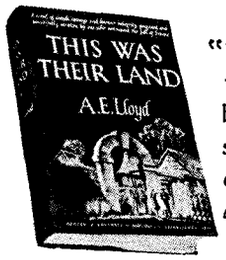

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TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

◆◆ In Portland, Maine, a liberty ship was launched that bore the name of William De Witt Hyde, a recent president of Bowdoin College. The Bowdoin alumni thought it fitting to supply a full ship's library, including many rare books on the history of Maine. A few weeks later the ship was renamed the *Hellas* and turned over to the Greek Government.

◆◆ In Joplin, Mo., Joe E. Lewis rented a suite furnished in ultra-modern style, slept in a bed three nights before he discovered it was the bookcase.

◆◆ In the Cannibal Islands, the local Bill Paley inaugurated a new radio program. The title: Eat the People.

◆◆ In Amarillo, Texas, Joe Faye bought a book that was guaranteed to cure stuttering. "It t-t-taught me to s-s-say 'Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,'" mourned Faye, "but the t-t-trouble is, that expression comes up so s-s-seldom in conversation!"

◆◆ In Hollywood, the noted French director, René Clair, is writing a whodunit in which the murderer turns out to be the reader.

◆◆ In Savannah, Georgia, a bookseller swears that he received an announcement reading "Mr. and Mrs. Abe Goldfarb announce the birth of a daughter, Honeysuckle."

◆◆ In the Barberry Room, Charles Brackett remarked that he needed a punch line for the fade-out of his picture version of "The Uninvited." Lindsay and Crouse wired these suggestions: 1. "No wonder I'm winded! I've just been out exorcising a ghost!" 2. "Looks like we've been on a ghost to ghost hook-up!" 3. "I thought you said 'goat.'" At last reports, Brackett was still a-huntin'.

◆◆ In Philadelphia, *The Ladies' Home Journal* chose Jennifer Jones (star of the forthcoming "Song of Bernadette") and Robert Walker (ditto in "See Here, Pvt. Hargrove") as Hollywood's ideal couple for an article in the next issue, already off press. A few days ago, the couple announced their separation.

◆◆ In Princeton, a zealous undergraduate ordered a copy of Charles Doughty's "Arabian Deserter."

◆◆ In Reno, Nevada, Dorothy Hillyer saw a fight flare up between two ornery cowpunchers in a local bar, edged closer to hear the dialogue. "I tell you," said one, "that it was Longfellow who wrote 'Thanatopsis'." "You're nuts," opined the other. "It was James Russell Lowell," and by way of emphasis, he tapped his companion neatly on the jaw, flooring him for a long count, and upsetting a tableful of victuals. "Boys, boys!" cautioned the barkeep, "we'll let Pop Wilson settle this." He put in a phone call, nodded silently, hung up the receiver. "Pop says it was William Cullen Bryant, smart guys," he said. The cowboys accepted the verdict unquestioningly, stood drinks for the house. Mrs. Hillyer couldn't wait to ask the barkeep exactly who Pop Wilson might be. It seems he's professor of English at the University of Nevada. . . .

TO MY MIND, the most over-praised motion picture of the year is "The North Star." The critics, dazzled by an advertising campaign of monstrous proportions, and adroitly stimulated by a public relations counsel who has been hired to transform Mr. Goldwyn's reputation from dialectitian to elder statesman, have gone into ecstasies over a picture whose first fifteen minutes suggest a road-company performance of "Blossom Time," and whose remaining reels are good old-fashioned horse opera with all the stops pulled. Mr. Goldwyn is lauded to the skies for his "courage" in producing a film about Russia. As conditions stand today, such a step required about as much courage as a presentation of Lucy Monroe singing the Star Spangled Banner at a Fourth-of-July celebration.

There is one stunning scene in "The North Star" where a Nazi who sneers at the "party line" but still does Hitler's bidding is told off for the swine that he is. The rest of the film is strictly in the "take it or leave it" department, vastly inferior to Lillian Hellman's other contribution of the year, "Watch on the Rhine," which ought to win the Academy Award hands down. . . . That Mr. Goldwyn himself was dubious about his new product was evidenced by a series of elaborate prevues and banquets at the Waldorf, attended by the kind of people Elsa Maxwell drools over in her column. Really good pictures need no such elaborate build-up. . . . In contrast to the general run of rave reviews, Mr. Hearst's newspapers, by his personal order, have screamed that "The North Star" is dangerous Communist propaganda. This, of course, is the final clincher on the picture's success. Mr. Hearst has not picked the winning side since the San Francisco earthquake. . . . Miss Hellman's original script, incidentally, is published in book form by Viking. . . .

A REALLY magnificent picture is "The Battle for Russia," made for the War Activities Committee of the Motion Picture Industry under the supervision of Lt. Col. Anatole Litvak, and worth a dozen "North Stars". . . . "Princess O'Rourke" is a brash and highly amusing boy-meets-girl variation; the final clinch takes place in the White House, with the hero mistaking the President for a porter, and tipping him a dollar. . . . "Guadalcanal Diary" is a thrilling and expertly made war picture, but the ingredients will be unfortunately familiar to inveterate movie fans. . . . "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" is pleasantly nostalgic, but it shows too much of Betty Grable's acting, which is adequate, and too little of her legs, which are breath-taking. . . . "Sahara" is a fine picture, and it makes Humphrey Bogart a bigger star than ever. Not a woman in the cast. . . . "Claudia," transplanted almost line for line from stage to screen, gives budding writers another opportunity to see how a past master can make the oldest material in the world sound fresh and original. . . . How does a publisher find time to see so many movies? . . . *I love 'em!* . . .

LOUIS UNTERMEYER writes (by first-class mail, too!) "How about renaming the Robeson-Shakespeare revival 'When Othello Needs a Friend'?" Nevertheless, Mr. Untermeyer is editing an anthology of humor for S. and S. . . . . Charles Dunn, of Scribner's editorial department, reports receipt

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of a manuscript that included the following note: "Every character in this novel is entirely fictitious except Our Heavenly Father." . . . Publishers are being asked to bid on a projected history of the war by Hanson Baldwin. . . . Moss Hart's triumphant Army Air Force show, "Winged Victory," is published in book form. So are "Kiss and Tell" and "Tomorrow the World." . . . Viking's "Behind the Steel Wall," a report from inside Germany by a Swedish journalist named Arvid Fredborg, will be a sensation—unless the steel wall collapses before publication date! . . . The following advertisement, reproduced from the September 30 issue of the *London Bookseller,* is an interesting commentary on the current book publishing situation in Britain:

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THE SPRING LIST of Dial Press will feature a novel called "Hidden Faces," by Salvador Dali. . . . Since 1939, when James Joyce's "Finnegans Wake" was published, Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson have been unravelling its secrets. The fruit of their labors will be published early in 1944 by Harcourt, Brace under the title, "A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake." Campbell and Robinson's assertion in the *SRL* that "The Skin of Our Teeth" was based directly on the Joyce opus has never been denied by Thornton Wilder. . . . Doubleday, Doran announce a Louella Parsons autobiography, "The Gay Illiterate," for January publication. . . . At the same time, Random House will issue Carole Landis's "Four Jills in a Jeep." . . . These are essential wartime publications, of course. . . . The turnover in publishers' shipping rooms and accounting departments continues at a constantly accelerating pace. One publisher, weeks behind in deliveries, called his huskiest salesmen in from the road last week and persuaded them to devote the next month to packing cases. A girl from my own bookkeeping staff—so recent an acquisition that I didn't remember ever seeing her before—came to tell me that she had decided to give up book publishing as a profession. Pressed for a reason, she explained "I'm going back to high school!"

BENNETT CERF.

To *SRL* Readers: A somewhat serious shortage has developed in our supply of October 16 and November 13 issues. Copies in good condition will be repurchased at 15c each, and prompt action will be appreciated.

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Realism and James Farrell

MY DAYS OF ANGER. By James T. Farrell. New York: Vanguard Press. 1943. 403 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

I WISH I knew what critics mean when they use the word "realistic." I would like to know just what the standards are; the touchstones, the stigmata that enable one to say without hesitation this is realism; this is romance; this is true, this is invention. Outside of the esthetic confidence and security involved, it must be generally soothing to be able so unerringly to separate the true from the fictitious, the real from the unreal, in an otherwise confused world filled with subtle shading, most of it bewildering when not irritating. One can go to bed assured that the next morning a real sun will come up in a real sky, and that millions of people everywhere will indulge in fifteen hours or more of reality, although none of them will know it except the instructed few.

My puzzlement over the use of such terms has been revived recently by several early criticisms of James Farrell's latest novel, "My Days of Anger." Without exception the book is put down as a piece of "realism," and James Farrell as a member of "the realistic" school. Along with Hemingway, I suppose, and Sinclair Lewis, and Erskine Caldwell, and a dozen other extremely individual and differentiated and imaginative writers. And in company with Rabelais, and James Joyce, and everyone else who sweats blood to prove that what most men consider real is the essence of illusion. As for myself, I doubt if I would pay any good and thoughtful novel, including Mr. Farrell's, such a dubious compliment. Also I doubt if any real work of art can by any stretch of the imagination be called "realistic"—not as the term is misused. And finally, being of the descent myself, I am fairly certain that no man or woman of Irish blood could possibly write "a realistic" novel, or have the faintest wish so to do. It isn't in the strain. Which is by way of a high compliment.

I am not speaking, of course, of the higher realism; the real realism. That is another question. I am speaking of the use and abuse of terms, and the critical weakness which, to the continuing confusion of human and artistic values, tends toward categories, catalogues and "schools."

"My Days of Anger" is the fourth volume in the Danny O'Neill series, and the seventh volume in the Studs-Lonigan—Danny O'Neill series, and the twelfth volume in the saga of the Irish-American family which Mr. Farrell has chosen as his especial province. The title is derived from "The Intimate Journals" of Baudelaire; "Nevertheless, I will let these pages stand—since I wish to record my days of anger." This present volume takes young Danny O'Neill, the studious, the ambitious, the yearning, and the thin-skinned, through four years of his life, 1924 to 1927, during most of which time he is an undergraduate at the University of Chicago. Danny O'Neill is the impressionable Celt, all the ends of his nerves exposed, in contrast to Studs Lonigan, the hard-boiled Celt, Mr. Farrell's earlier study. And back of this yearning, dreaming, easily wounded Celt, is the great turbulent city of the lakes which may, or may not be, the present and coming symbol of America. The last is an important question. It is a tough Chicago, but then Chicago is tough except for the fringe of lace along its North Shore and the fringe of intellect toward the south. It is tough even at its most sober and respectable, although this toughness, properly impregnated with the mind and spirit, may lead to immense national discoveries in the future. James Farrell's tough Chicago, however, is of an especial kind, and with this he reaches out all over the United States and touches our Celtic inheritance everywhere.

Also implied is the grave question, which will have to be met again once war is over, of how to make life poignant, pointed, and important for the majority.

But the Farrell Chicago is not the tough Chicago of Al Capone; the logical, unquestioning, cynical, and materialistic Chicago of the Latin. Nor is it the pietistically cynical, evasive, and materialistic Chicago of New England and the older strain. It is a tough Chicago illumined, and also mightily bedevilled, by the despairs, the ecstasies, the cloudy aspirations, the drunkenness, and the love-making of the transplanted sons and daughters of the green and outrageous isle. Unless a man has something of this mist and greenness in his own inheritance, it is difficult to explain to him the gamut of these moods. He'd best take them for granted. The abrupt despair because things are going too well and too smoothly, and for too long a time; the deliberate savoring of the black and bitter fruit of sorrow. The desire to get drunk because one is strong

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and beautiful, and defies the devil; the desire to stay sober because one is weak and miserable and ugly, and unbeloved. The Klystyn desire to redeem the hated flesh by abusing it; the desire to gratify the beautiful flesh in order to hate it.

All this, and much more. And above all, the necessity every now and then when the world is too much with you, to insult by the bitterest word you can find—the most obscene, the most profane—the things you most hallow and cherish; and you the most mystic and religious of men.

Back of the Farrell saga is the research into what America does to the Irish and what the Irish do to America, and so this gives to the Studs Lonigan-Danny O'Neill series great social value in addition to their worth as vivid and interesting novels. But they are not "realistic," much to James Farrell's credit both as man and author. They are protests, if there ever were any, and make no compromises either with Chicago or life as it is lived at present. Like all good art, they are planned, and selective, and the stuff of which they are made is idealism.

Art and the artist are always in revolt. How can anything always in revolt be "realistic" according to the misuse of the adjective, which implies description and acceptance without comment? And did anyone anywhere ever find a Celt not in revolt and accepting anything without comment? Often this takes the form of kicking life to pieces and making it worse; just as often it takes the form of insisting that life should be better. But it's not in either case acceptance.

It seems to me that criticism has become confused by modern use of words and incidents. Four and five letter words of Anglo-Saxon origin—and "My Days of Anger" is well sprinkled with them—do not necessarily imply the sort of "realism" in question, nor does the admission in print that men and women often misbehave, frequently in each other's company, necessarily imply "realism" either. The intent of a book is what counts; its final effect. The fairy tales of the Grimm brothers are the starkest kind of actuality. At all events, seldom has a proper definition of the word "realistic" been more necessary than today when the world is divided between those who think themselves "realistic" and "practical" because they believe that a large amount of evil and injustice is a part of life and ineradicible, and the really "realistic" and "practical" who will accept no such childish premise.

Meanwhile, Mr. Farrell has written a broth of a book, best understood by those who themselves have a drop of the old blood in them.

Advertisement

By DEAN SMOOT

IN response to an urgent message from a man named Smith, who represented himself to be the publisher and editor of *Encore* Magazine, I took the 23rd Street ferry one day last week and presented myself at Smith's office in a Hoboken attic. At first I took this office to be a pigeon loft, but seeing no pigeons about, nor even any guano, I realized my error.

Smith received me kindly, seating me in the best chair in the salon. This chair was already foundering, and directly I sat in it blimey if it didn't collapse. Noting my awkward position on the floor, Smith smiled wanly and instantly extended his snuff-box. "Spot of snuff?" he inquired. "Don't care if I do," I said, and so the ice was broken. Smith then very graciously placed me on a packing box, and abruptly came to business. "I want you to write an ad," he said, "that will produce a good batch of subscriptions, gift subscriptions, Christmas gift subscriptions." He interrupted himself long enough to scatter a shovelful of cinders about the floor. "Don't like the place to look prosperous," he explained. "Besides, there ought to be tribulations in a garret. But come, query me. Let the dialogue be the ad."

Since I expected to be paid for my pains, I offered no resistance; and I present herewith a faithful transcription of the quiz, with myself in the role of interrogator.

Q. Do you consider *Encore* the only meritorious monthly in the world?

A. I have never traveled.

Q. But surely you think of it as much superior to other periodicals?

A. Who, me? Incredible!

Q. Then what is the meaning of that line on the front cover, *"Reading at Its Best"?*

A. Ascribe it to presumption.

Q. Do I understand you to say, then, that your selections from Bierce, Buckle, Burns, Bunner, Burton, Byron, Buffalo Bill and the Bible do not constitute reading at its best?

A. It's a cheap, catchpenny phrase.

Q. Then you will eliminate it?

A. We will retain it, subject to change without notice; this is a catch-as-catch-can business, founded to catch a sufficiency of coin.

Q. So you admit that your motive in publishing *Encore* is strictly commercial and sordid?

A. The reverse, but the printer is so unreasonable as to insist on being paid.

Q. Do you write for the magazine yourself?

A. Possible.

Q. How do you justify placing anything from your pen in juxtaposition with a selection from Shakespeare?

A. He was a good writer too.

Q. Are your readers enthusiastic about *Encore?*

A. Haah? Oh, they manage to put up with it.

Q. What is your opinion of other magazines?

A. Splendid, splendid, all of them! (Smith's countenance lighted up with a benign expression and tears of rapture trickled down his usually grim visage.) They are the well-spring of new and startling ideas, the fountainhead of true art, the reflection of a nation's high taste. They are noble!

Q. What will you say of *Encore* to induce anyone to order a slew of Christmas gift subscriptions?

A. I opine that the readers of advertising copy should get a respite from inducement.

Q. But why not use tested methods of advertising?

A. I'll adopt quackery when I get into the toothpaste business.

Q. Aren't you going to say that *Encore* is wonderful?

A. It isn't wonderful. It's a reasonably good little publication in its field.

Q. Do you really expect to get any subscriptions from this advertisement?

A. Certainly. You don't have to club decent people unconscious to raise an honest dollar.

Q. Well, well, so you call this an advertisement?

A. Call it anything. Have the goodness to end this cross-examination.

Smith drew two from the barrel of stout and handed me a pipe of perique. Puffing away at his hookah, he instructed me to add, in as unobtrusive a manner as possible, the following rough notes:

Encore resides immediately under the roof of a red brick building at 77 River Street, Hoboken, N. J. Its Christmas gift rates are: $3.00 for one annual subscription, $5.00 for two, $2.25 for each additional, from any single source. The publisher believes it unlikely that publication of *Encore* will be suspended soon. He hopes your friends will enjoy the gift if you make it, but thinks it would be extremely odd if all of them should. Lastly, he thanks you for having bothered to read this copy in any case.

When writing to The Encore Press in response to this ad, please mention the SRL *so that* Encore *will be the quicker to spend some more money with them.*

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A NEW AND DELIGHTFULLY DIFFERENT KIND OF CROSS WORD PUZZLE

AT LAST THERE IS "SOMETHING NEW" IN CROSSWORD PUZZLES

DOUBLETALK CROSSWORD PUZZLES

DOUBLETALK CROSSWORDS are for people who like first-class puzzles—but who want a test for their wits, not for their unabridged dictionaries. This new kind of crossword puzzle is actually easier than the ordinary kind . . . . because after your very first puzzle, the seemingly mad definitions will suddenly make sense (or understandable nonsense). Yet you'll have far more fun than with ordinary puzzles, with many a chuckle and a thrill to reward your cleverness in solving the puns, the anagrams and the many other hidden clues in the definitions.

55 puzzles, including many big ones – most have never appeared before – by

ALBERT H. MOREHEAD

80 pages
55 puzzles
$1.50

ALFRED A. KNOPF, Publisher
501 Madison Avenue, New York 22

Monstrous Regiment of Women

IN BED WE CRY. By Ilka Chase. New York: Doubleday, Doran Co. 1943. 308 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by KATHARINE SIMONDS

MISS ILKA CHASE's first novel is written about a small segment of society, presented as if it were the whole of society and as if its problems were normal and important. It is strong poison, presented in a bright package without a skull and crossbones on the label.

Her heroine, Devon Elliott, is a super Elizabeth Arden. All over the United States, whenever lips meet, Devonshire House lipstick is exchanged; wrinkles come only to the woman who will not use Devonshire House Rejuvenating Cream; middle age never spreads to those who go through the Devonshire House Beauty Mill. But Devon's talents and fortune are equalled by her beauty and her youth; she and her three best friends represent a feminist's dream.

Yet strangely enough they are not happy. Released from every bondage, answerable to no one, queens in their own right, they still are unable to get or to hold on to a man. Of course, Ilka's lassies have their laddies—dozens of them. But look them over. Jennie, the actress, Claire the interior decorator, and Estelle the writer have not among them achieved one real marriage, legal or otherwise. They have picked for themselves either the unscrupulous or the screwball. The bad ones — husbands or lovers — joyfully take up women and whisky—the good ones either fear to marry their superiors, or, once married, take up woodworking in the cellar.

But the minor characters are only variations on the central theme of Devon. After casual affairs with passersby and her manager, she is now married to Tim, the only man in the book. He is a good chemist; and to keep him happy she has to find a supersandpile—she makes him head of the Devonshire House laboratories. Since he is brilliant at this too, it yields him enough self-respect for several years, during which their happiness is publicly attested by the titles she gives the perfume he concocts for her. But in the end in a world at war, he cannot take it any longer; he busts out, to do research on burns, and to separate from her temporarily because he can no longer pay his part of her expensive establishment. Devon is alone, startled and unhappy, and yet not without a certain excitement as she snuffs again the familiar air of freedom. Soon the Devonshire House laboratories produce a new perfume, called Overture, to celebrate her alliance with Kurt, a run-of-the-mill Central European refugee.

But here is a strange aspect of this Amazonian society; although all these women regard infidelity in themselves as a venial and rather attractive weakness, commensurate with liking chocolates too well, they maintain for their consorts standards of continence which would have startled Queen Victoria. So that, when the first whiff of Crescendo had begun to make history for Devonshire House, and Devon was ready to marry Kurt (chosen for his "extraordinary male quality"), it was with a sense of utter betrayal that she realized that he was claiming for himself the liberty which traditionally accrues to those who pay the bills, and the affair comes to an end.

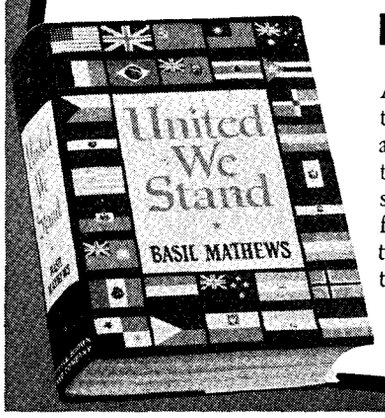
It is perhaps ungrateful and dull to subject so amusing and so gay a book to so solemn an analysis. Miss Chase did not write it as social history, but to give pleasure, and in that she succeeded. The only reason to pontificate on this queer little backwater group which she presents is that she does not seem to realize that it has reached a dead end. In any event, her literary tradition, like most of her women, is sterile; surely this must be the last of the post-World War I books. Devon, who would have been at home in the early twenties, is a survival in a world in which the Beautiful and Damned are all grandparents, in which the Green Hat is old hat, in which the bell has tolled for Brent Ashley.

I hope, I hope.

Who are the 32 United Nations?

UNITED WE STAND

By Basil Mathews



A vivid and realistic portrait of thirty-one nations with whom we are allied: geographical settings, national characteristics, economic and social viewpoints, etc. "Propaganda-free and packed with information, this book is a first-class aid to global thinking."—*Chicago News.* $2.50

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.

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Japanese Undercover Propaganda

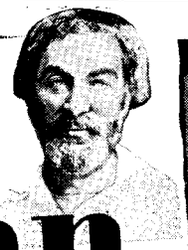
BETRAYAL FROM THE EAST. By Alan Hynd. New York: Robert McBride & Co. 1943. 287 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILL IRWIN

KEENO, the King of the Robots, has a heaven-sent gift for controlling his involuntary muscles —for instance, those which make us wink. Vaudeville actor and bit player in the movies, his best-known act consists in standing in department store windows beside a clothing dummy, while a sign at their feet requests the populace to guess which is made of flesh and blood and which of "paper, paint and pith." I've seen this act myself and if you haven't, you haven't been anywhere. In the Artists' Model and Candid Camera Show at the San Francisco exposition on Treasure Island, he met Kono, who used to be valet for a very famous motion-picture star with whom Keeno once showed for a few frames. After they had swapped reminiscences for awhile, Kono who looked exceedingly prosperous, recalled that Keeno had once served in the U. S. Navy. Kono is a Japanese and Keeno a patriot. And when Kono went on to hint that his old pal could make a lot of money if he were still in the Navy, Keeno, being a man of extensive experience and nimble above the ears, began acting a part. He didn't stop acting it for months and months. He acted himself into a trip half-way across the Pacific with two German spies in the stateroom on one side of him and two Japanese spies on the other. He acted the role of the most greedy and despicable traitor since Benedict Arnold. He acted out of his Japanese "employers" a secret so important that his work may have saved Pearl Harbor from much greater devastation on December 6, 1941. By similar histrionics, he persuaded them that he was selling them an American naval secret even more important.

Any actor who has played the same role for months and months has an almost irresistible temptation to overact. In that last item, Keeno, King of the Robots, made the characteristic professional mistake. He could never by any possibility give a more useful piece of information than that which he had handed to the Japanese. (It was of course artistically untrue.) The Japanese felt that Keeno might be arrested and given the Third Degree by the stupid Americans whom he and they had "tricked" so neatly. And dead men tell no tales. So he nearly acted himself into a grave a mile under the Pacific. But our hero —whose name in private life and on theatrical programs is Al Blake—kept his wits about him and escaped from Honolulu to San Francisco alive. And the last time Keeno saw Kono, our Naval Intelligence officers were grilling a very frightened Japanese in their own office.

Sounds like a burlesque of E. Phillips Oppenheim, doesn't it? But it is true, every word. The combination of bizarre names and atmospheres in that adventure of Keeno and Kono was a temptation too great for a reviewer to resist. However, Alan Hynd's "Betrayal from the East" is a book to be taken seriously. It tells for the first time in detail the story of Japanese espionage in the United States before the Second World War and of the counter-espionage which trapped most of the dangerous spies. The bare main facts we know already —the cases of Farnsworth, the drunken, cashiered naval lieutenant, of Thompson, the disgruntled exgob who was out for the stuff, of Yamamoto, Japanese vice-lord of the Pacific



Walt Whitman
AN AMERICAN
BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Henry Seidel Canby has written the life of this most controversial of American literary figures, a man whose verse is rich in meaning for us now and whose eye still seems to see the road ahead. His biography reconciles the irreconcilable, disentangles the contorted threads of personality, lays open to your understanding the strange elements strangely combined that make one great man. $3.75

The Hills of Home
BY CURTIS MARTIN

The story of the man in khaki who passed you just now on the street. Here are the people he remembers; here is his picture of home. Poignant and youthful, it is a universal story of memory. Pre-publication reviewers say: "A bit of fine artistry." "More than well done, aware, and moving. For discerning and sensitive readers." $2.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY · PUBLISHERS

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Coast, who got off—mysteriously—with a short term for income-tax evasion, of Dr. Furusawa whom the Pacific Coast once regarded as a pillar of Oriental probity, of certain Japanese naval officers who, probably by intervention of a nervous State Department, were merely "exposed" and thrown out of the country. We have never known the details of the long chase by which they were all run down. These intrigues and incidents are more amazing than anything a "whodunit" writer ever imagined. Picture, for example, two men acting a part in a hotel room with Axis spies in rooms to right and left, while a Japanese dictaphone under the carpet and an American one behind a picture both record their conversation! Hollywood writers will be hashing and rehashing this stuff for years. Yet it comes by permission from the secret files of the F.B.I. and Naval Intelligence, and is therefore true.

And one set of facts has historical importance. Writers and commentators on secret service before the Second World War have always felt that the Germans and Japanese were working together like a pair of greyhounds coursing a hare. But for the most part it was only feeling. Now we know that it was true. Most startling of all; this sinister partnership had begun by 1932, a year before Hitler came to power. The answer to that, probably, is Admiral Canaris, secret or open director of German Naval Intelligence both in the latter days of the Republic and in all the days of the Nazis. The Axis alliance was not merely in embryo before the German reactionaries showed their hand; it was born.

This vivid and exciting book has a flaw in common with Carlson's "Under Cover." When Carlson reports what he saw and heard personally, his story bears the stamp of truth. So does Hynd's, so long as he sticks to the checked and re-checked information from our own intelligence departments. But when at the end, on the basis of what the author has heard from others, Carlson depicts a larger Fascist plot still in being and Hynd looks with horror on the release of Japanese from internment, they paint the lily. If "Betrayal from the East" proves anything, it is that the F.B.I. and Naval Intelligence know their business. And those two bodies control the releases—which is all that this reviewer needs to know.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTICS (No. 504)

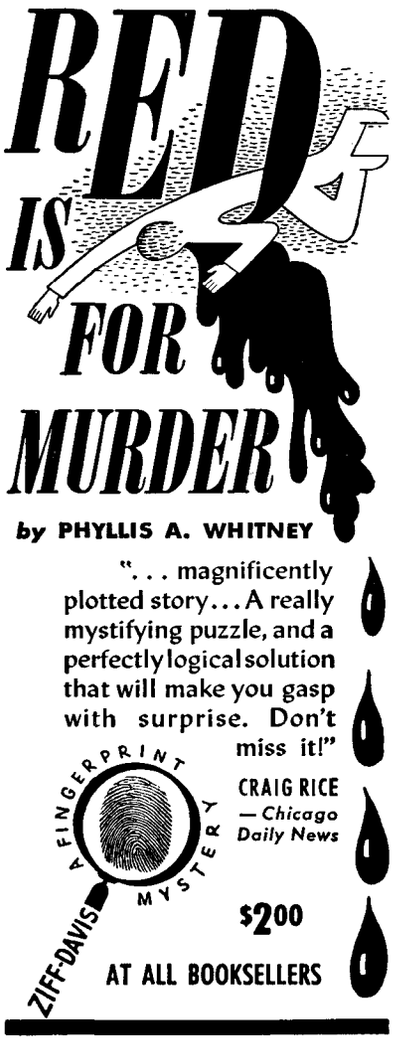
CANBY:

WALT WHITMAN: an American

When you read Whitman, think of the Bible first, and of Longfellow not at all. . . . Read him as if he were speaking (or chanting). Forget your prejudices in poetry . . . and try to feel his style. Then your mind will be open to genuine appreciation. . . .

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Pippa, in "Pippa Passes," by Robert Browning.
2. The White Knight, in "Through the Looking Glass," by Lewis Carroll.
3. Nanki-Poo, in "The Mikado," by W. S. Gilbert.
4. "Trilby," by George DuMaurier.
5. Walter von Stolzing, in "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg," by Richard Wagner.
6. Tony Lumpkin, in "She Stoops to Conquer," by Oliver Goldsmith.
7. "Nana," by Emile Zola.
8. Roderick Usher, in "The Fall of the House of Usher," by Edgar Allan Poe.
9. David Gamut, in "The Last of the Mohicans," by James Fenimore Cooper.
10. "Consuelo," by George Sand.


RED IS FOR MURDER
by PHYLLIS A. WHITNEY
". . . magnificently plotted story . . . A really mystifying puzzle, and a perfectly logical solution that will make you gasp with surprise. Don't miss it!"
CRAIG RICE
— Chicago Daily News
A FINGERPRINT MYSTERY
ZIFF-DAVIS
$2.00
AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
BIER FOR A HUSSY *Allison Holt* (Phoenix: $2.)	Gaudy gal slain at N. J. yacht-club dance. Kidnaping and another murder enliven matters for Lieut. Fitzpatrick.	Intrigues of sailing set aptly described and tale meanders pleasantly to unforeseen and ineffective solution.	Thin
PUZZLE IN PAINT *Kootz* (Crown: $2.)	Five-feet-four Jason Emery leads N. Y. cops through amorous and bibulous episodes to solution of art-dealer's demise.	Method of first slaying novel—if impractical—and Jason's philanderings plenty pungent. Otherwise undistinguished.	Nootz
THE THURSDAY TURKEY MURDERS *Craig Rice* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Hollywood-bound photogs. Handsome and Bingo buy flock of turkeys and plunge into maelstrom of murder and rural misdeeds.	Golden hoard cached by dead bank robber at bottom of plot that is wild-eyed, frequently funny, and regrettably confusing.	Dizzy
THE WALLS CAME TUMBLING DOWN *Jo Eisinger* (Coward-McCann: $2.)	Murders of Manhattan priest and his sister elucidated by omniscient D'Arcy, N. Y. gossip-columnist.	D'Arcy is pretty insufferable but artistic and bibliophilic angles of yarn are interesting and tale moves at good pace.	Pretty good
WALLS OF SILENCE *Dean Hawkins* (Crime Club: $2.)	Family skeletons of Southern small town murderously rattled with ex-con (innocent) elucidating odd problem.	Better as novel of emotional upheavals than mystery—but has its points there, too.	Interesting
MURDER RUNS A FEVER *Ruth Fenisong* (Crime Club: $2.)	N. Y. police dept. sleuth runs into nest of subversionists and anomalous female. Scatters one, the other gets him.	Lively yarn of murder and intrigue with personable sleuth, much action, and pleasing dash of romance.	Good

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"Sac Prairie Saga"

SHADOW OF NIGHT. By August Derleth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1943. 354 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

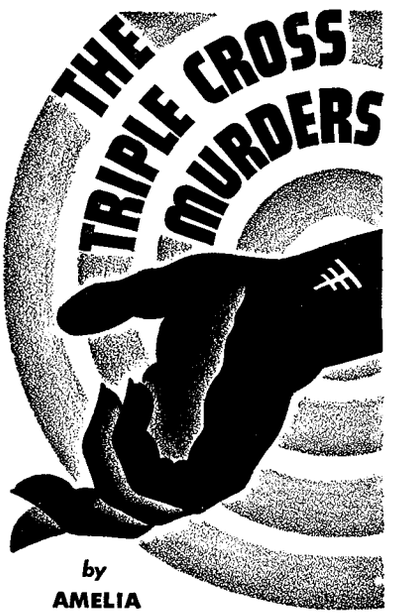
MR. DERLETH'S seventh novel in the "Sac Prairie Saga" is a highly successful moral drama set in Wisconsin of the 1850's, but not untimely for our own day. For in answer to the question of whether Germany is worth saving this book suggests that America had already saved a good many of the best Germans a long time ago, or at least, improved them. When Goethe said, "America is here or nowhere," to intending German emigrants he seems to have been in egregious error—the Germans who stayed in Germany are industriously engaged in butchering and being butchered; the types who came here made the best cheese, beer, and farmers in the world.

"Shadow of Night" is not a "farm" or "regional" story, however, though it is set in the farmlands and most of its characters and farmers. Its hero, Mr. Hasso, arrives in Sac Prairie ostensibly to teach natural science, but actually to avenge a brother murdered by a former soldier of some small German ruler. Mr. Hasso is in no hurry; he wants to perform his execution under circumstances that will leave the victim in no doubt of the nature of his offense and the identity of his executioner.

The fate of Mr. Hasso's vengeance is the plot of the story, but it is reasonable to suggest that Mr. Hasso is more and more caught up in the life and the country; he finally sits on a jury with his intended victim and collaborates in the freeing of a member of the Underground Railroad and the escape of the slave who has been found on the defendant's property. At another time Hasso is actually compelled to save Gebhardt's life, because he cannot let him die without knowing why he is permitted to die.

Mr. Derleth handles his countryside with his usual familiarity and feeling for color. It is a mere quibble that that feeling for color occasionally extends troublesomely to the author's vocabulary—that eagle-eye on *The New Yorker* may catch him on the repeated use of "susurration"—but most of the flights into poetic prose are effective and his country pictures are extremely good.

The story which is superbly realized, however, is that of character; the change which comes over French emigres and German refugees in the valley of the Wisconsin River.



by AMELIA REYNOLDS LONG

"Here's a baffler with clues galore ..." *Columbus Dispatch.* "A smooth, hard-to-guess mystery you shouldn't miss." *Chicago Daily Law Bulletin.* "Particularly intriguing . . ." *Paterson Call.*

A FINGERPRINT MYSTERY

$2.00

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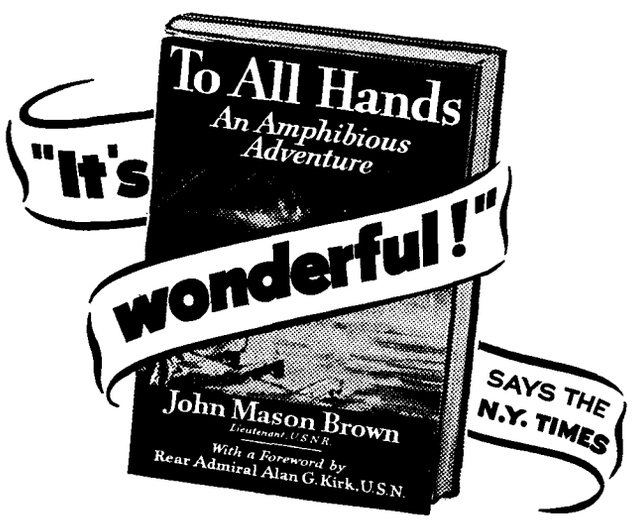

"... the kind of book that makes a reviewer sound off like a publisher—all steamheated and hyperbolic and puffing with enthusiasm. It will confirm your faith and quicken your pulse and take you on what may well be the most exciting invasion you'll ever attend."
—Philip Hamburger, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

"One of the strangest journeys any reader will ever undertake. It is an adventure ... life-and-death adventure ... But it is more than that—it is a slice of history. His record will live in the hearts of those who read it."—Percival Knauth, *Saturday Review*

"A peculiarly realistic reconstruction of the emotions of a great experience ... which mounts with excitement."—Henry Seidel Canby, *Book-of-the-Month Club News*

TO ALL HANDS

By Lt. John Mason Brown

U. S. N. R.

A blow-by-blow account of the U. S. Atlantic Amphibious Forces in action, as announced from the bridge of a flagship to the men below decks. Foreword by Rear Admiral Alan G. Kirk, U.S.N. 88 Illus. $2.75

WHITTLESEY HOUSE

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The following poem, in the chapter LOVE AND PHILANTHROPY, conquers the master in one of 138 similar triumphs over 63 masters of English and American literature arranged for blindfold preference or identification tests in

PHILOSOPHIC DUELS—
ELI GREIFER vs. THE MASTER POETS

as you'll find out in experimenting with friends, parties, classes, audiences, etc.

She danced with every man who'd ask,
Though some were fat and old;
She passed out largesses of sky,
Of lily, poppy, gold!

She passed a boon of glowing smiles,
A gift of sparkling wit;
And, clasping hands, she dragged to sunshine
The paupers from their pit.

I asked her why—for I'm of cynics
Who goodness ever doubt;
She laughed the happy laugh of saints:
"I guess I'm a girl scout!"

Laugh then happily, my saint,
And mayst thou dance forever
A queen bestowing largesses,
And be a beggar never!

And thou art more than scouts who do
Small kindnesses each day;
For thou'st re-kindled youth in age,
And breathed a soul in clay!

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER

To enable you to give this life-lasting gift, perhaps with some inscription referring to an applicable poem on Asceticism, Death and Reunion, Love and Morals, Marriage and Divorce, Quarrels and Temper, Religion, War and Peace, Youth and Age, and 43 other vital subjects, with all the wisdom, conso'ation, and ennoblement of the masters and sometimes startlingly revealing new vistas toward blessedness by their challenger and disciple (see these terms reconciled in the introduction!) we will send this clothbound, 276-poem amazing anthology (we have some autographed copies if you wish) on approval

One copy—$1 Eight copies—$5
Four copies—$3 Twelve copies—$6

This offer is good up to Christmas, 1943 only as we are nearing exhaustion of the first edition of this epochal book in the renaissance of vital Messagegist Poetry—as distinguished from poetry-strangling, public-alienating Imagist and Modernist verse.

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Robert P. Williford, General Manager
MADISON AVE. AT 45th ST., NEW YORK
—A Hilton Hotel—

OTHER HILTON HOTELS FROM COAST TO COAST:
TEXAS, Abilene, El Paso, Longview, Lubbock, Plainview; NEW MEXICO, Albuquerque; CALIFORNIA, Long Beach, Los Angeles, *The Town House*; MEXICO, Chihuahua, *The Palacio Hilton*. Hilton Hotels. C. N. Hilton, President.

The Phoenix Nest

I HATE to be inaccurate in a review, and Kenneth Patchen has called to my attention the fact that I said or implied that the drawings in his new book of poems, "Cloth of the Tempest" (Harpers) "illustrated" the poems. I erred. The partly drawn and partly written pages are presented as poems in themselves. I said then that I liked these pages as well or better than the purely textual ones, though the latter also have occasional eruptions of startling lettering in black ink. Mr. Patchen is a law unto himself. He puts down or pastes up or writes in anything that occurs to him. Some things are beautiful, some things are funny, many are meaningless to the uninitiate. His new book is a curiosity of literature. It could have been—at least so it seems to me—a good deal more.

The other night Robert Nathan recited to me the following, and I asked him to write it down:

PROCESSIONAL
(10:15 P.M.)

The radio announcer's shout
Dies out in static and in stutter,
But after Swing has put to rout
The burning question and the doubt,
100,000 dogs go out
And do their business in the gutter.

Franklin Wentworth of Redondo Beach, California, wonders how many of my readers have read and pondered Thomas Hardy's "The Dynasts." He thinks that not to know Hardy's "Dynasts" is to miss his greatest contribution:

> "The Dynasts" is the story of the people who, as Mark Twain used to say, are in the king business. They are the official agents, sometimes the puppets, of the classes who monopolize the land and other natural resources of the nations. They intermarry and confer intimately with one another as to how best to keep the propertyless folk of their various countries in order when they become politically—which is to say economically—dissatisfied. Sometimes they are reluctantly obliged to resort to war to reduce the discontented populations and, as they say, restore order.
>
> Hardy, in the sometimes very beautiful and deeply moving verse in which "The Dynasts" is written, details Napoleon's conferences with these dynastic folk following the birth of his ambition to become one of them.
>
> It is a timely book for our present era and fascinating reading, at least to some. I have not yet liquidated the debt I owe to the friend who ten years or so ago asked me casually if I knew "The Dynasts."

I agree that everyone today should know the book. But in Europe they still seem to revere dynasties. Look how the house of Savoy is hanging on!

In glancing through Maisie Ward's "Gilbert Keith Chesterton" I came upon an Eskimo Song which was written by the Master of Paradox on reading in a radio programme that a Chicago audience would hear Eskimos singing. He remarked that he might not object to be listening in

If I hadn't to hear the whole programme begin.
And the President preach international peace,
And Parricide show an alarming increase,
And a Justice at Bootle excuse the police.
And how to clean trousers when spotted with grease,
And a pianist biting his wife from caprice.
And an eminent Baptist's arrival at Nice,
And a banker's regrettably painless decease,
And a new quarantine for the plucking of geese,
And a mad millionaire's unobtrusive release,
And a marquis divorced by a usurer's niece—
If all of these items could suddenly cease
And leave me with one satisfactory thing
I really SHOULD like to hear Eskimos sing.

Among his prophecies in this full-length biography, is one that many columnists might take to heart, "Woe unto him that is smart, for men will hold him smart always, even when he is serious"!

A reader from Lowry Field, Denver, Colorado, seems to think that "Archibald MacLeish's pretensions to the role of a deep thinker are almost comical." In this I fail to follow him, as it seems to me that Archie is one of the straightest thinkers in our time. The thing that griped my correspondent, Mr. Eustace C. Mullen, Jr., was apparently Archie's use of the word "obsolete," in something I quoted from him. Mr. Eustace C. Mullen, Jr., points out that "no living person can be described accurately as obsolete. The only obsolete people are dead ones." That is quite true, but the trouble is that some of the dead ones don't know that they are dead!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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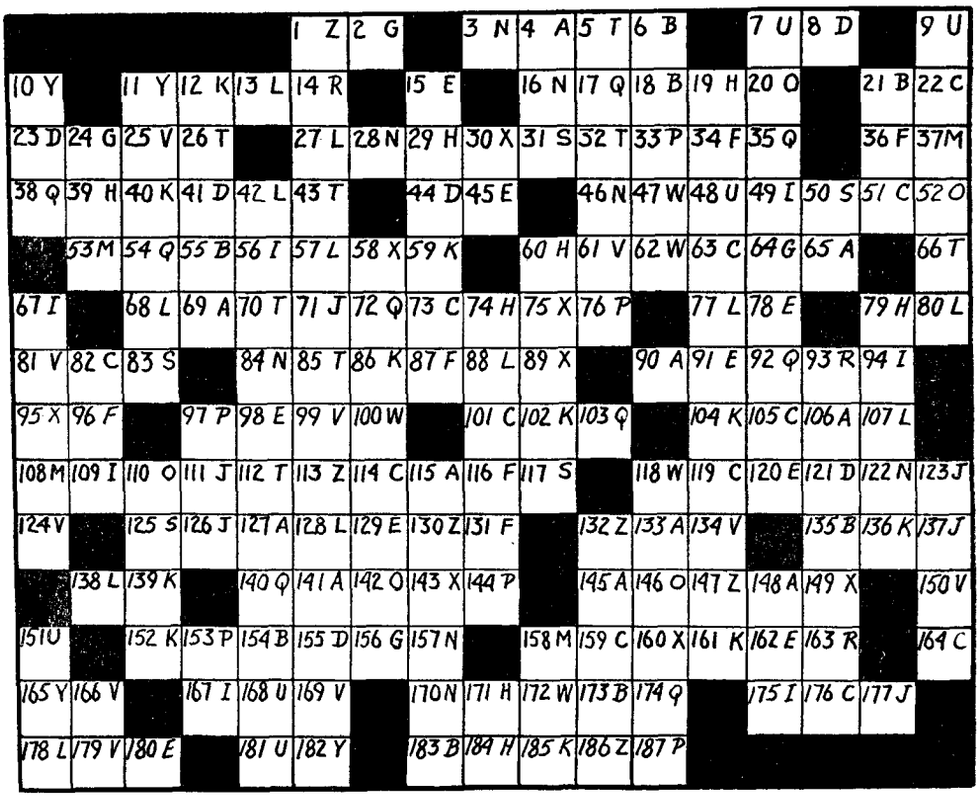
The Crostics Club

JAMES D. HART, compiler of the comprehensive "Oxford Companion to American Literature," from the Bureau of Public Relations, War Dept., Washington, D. C., notes our comment in this column on the spelling of the first name of the author of "The Apostle" as given in his book, among other sources, and generously sheds more light on the vagaries of spelling foreign names. I quote his somewhat statistical letter as a dilemma that confronts him, with a plea for tolerance in such cases: "I use the spelling Shalom Asch as does the Library of Congress in its card catalogue. In the Library of Congress catalogue Mr. Asch is credited with thirty-seven entries, other than those in Hebrew or Yiddish. Of these thirty-seven, fifteen published in Germany and elsewhere on the Continent spell his name Schalom (the German spelling of Shalom); nine, published in the U. S., spell the name Sholom; and thirteen, also published in the U. S., spell the name Sholem. When my book was published the ratio was fifteen Schalom, nine Sholom, and eleven Sholem and this plus the Library of Congress usage caused me to decide on the more common spelling. In "Who's Who in America 1942-3" Mr. Asch lists his first name as "Sholem (Shalom)," the first spelling evidently being his preference, the other a common variant. In future printings of the 'Oxford Companion to American Literature' I intend to alter my entry to conform with Mr. Asch's own in 'Who's Who in America.'"

Robert N. Allen, Lieutenant U. S. Navy, retired, asks from a Denver hospital, why if Lovejoy is *noted*, as I have so specified in one of my DCs, he isn't given in the Biographical Section of WNI, 1940. I am glad he raises this issue, for I have long wondered what the basis for that compilation is. Of course, I know that its limited scope prevents it from being complete, but why, for instance, does it contain the names of so many unfamiliar military or diplomatic officers from foreign countries, in whom there can be no general interest, and omit, as I have had occasion to note, such names as John Marquand, Yehudi Menuhin, and Laura E. Richards? Hindemith and Litvinov, for instance, are included, the latter when he was Foreign Commissar.

Mrs. Joel D. Hunter suggests, and I agree with her, that the exchange of DCs among those who like to evolve them is not worth the trouble and expense, and as she is unable to attend to it further we have decided to give it up. I'm not surprised. It is one thing to evolve a DC for family consumption and quite another to get it ready for others!

E.S.K.



Double-Crostics: No. 505

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Novel by Thomas Hardy (with *The;* 1887).
B. With ingenious deception.
C. Persons or things taken as they come (4 wds.)
D. Common name for a church *sewing society* (Bib.)
E. Form of rite in marriages free of parental consent (Hindu Law).
F. Sister of Antigone.
G. Dutch portrait-painter in England (1618-80).
H. Unavailing.
I. Thinness; meagreness.
J. Novel by Conrad (with *The;* 1920).
K. Mehitabel's motto (Don Marquis).
L. Opera by Moussorgsky.
M. Observes narrowly.
N. Heroine and title of G. and S. operetta.
O. A figure of speech.
P. Nomadic groups of loose organization.
Q. A ratite bird related to the emu.
R. Queen of the Underworld (Norse myth.)
S. The country of Mark Antony's death.
T. Driveling.
U. Prescribed; arbitrary.
V. The owner of a *Hand* in a Hardy title.
W. The last movement of a sonata.
X. Doubly sharp or dangerous (comp.)
Y. Romance of the South Seas by Melville.
Z. One of a tribe of Algonquin Indians formerly of New Southern England.

WORDS

145 141 133 65 148 106 69 4 115 127 90
6 21 183 135 18 154 173 55
82 63 51 176 164 101 105 119 114 73 159 22
155 44 121 41 23 8
162 15 78 180 91 129 45 98 120
34 131 36 87 116 96
64 156 24 2
74 171 184 39 29 79 60 19
67 109 49 94 56 167 175
137 126 123 71 177 111
104 136 161 86 139 185 102 59 152 12 40
13 128 77 80 27 57 107 88 178 68 138 42
108 37 158 53
3 84 28 46 157 170 16 122
52 142 146 110 20
187 153 33 76 97 144
35 54 38 174 17 140 92 72 103
163 14 93
50 31 83 125 117
70 43 32 85 66 5 112 26
181 168 151 9 7 48
169 124 61 81 25 150 99 166 134 179
100 172 47 118 62
89 95 160 30 149 58 75 143
182 11 165 10
132 113 130 1 147 186

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